

Chemical Imbalance

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Summary: Ezra thinks about love (but not in a gushy way). This takes place after the episode called "One Of Those Days," and he got rejected by Daisy. :(

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Disclaimer: Daisy, Ezra, and his parents aren't mine.

>
Notes: Ezra's my fave character. He reminds me a lot of myself. And with Daisy turning him down, . . . I knew how he felt. I had to write a story for him.

>
Also, due to a lot of things going on, I won't be able to put the next few parts of "Affliction" up soon. Starting tomorrow, I will be incredibly busy. Packing for summer vacation and college. Flying. Meeting up with dad. Going to friend's graduation. Visiting family. GAH! Oh well, . . .

>
And a thank you goes to DMHGFan, who knew the name of the episode Daisy burnt Ezra in. I wanted to know it so that you guys knew why he was thinking what he was thinking. Ummmm . . .

>
~~*~*~*

>
Everyone I love rejects me. Or so it seems. But seeming is hard to look past, so why try?

>
I feel like my heart's been ripped out. I poured my very being into the greatest love story ever told, and what do I have to show for it? A phony script. No Juliet, and I do admit that Shelby's character was her. No Daisy. No pride. Nothing. I have nothing to show for it.

>
Love's weird. Somewhat screwy. Why does my heart and chest ache? Love is only a bunch of chemicals. Hormones. Secreted into my body. So why should it bother me?

>
Depression is often caused by a chemical imbalance. Is that what love is? Just another chemical imbalance? How cold. It suits love, the coldness.

>
Love is cold. Frigid. Like my parents. Willing to show everyone how I wish they could be, but really being the opposite. That only made things worse. How could they have thought it would help me? I'm hopeful, not stupid. I would have figured it out sooner or later,

anyway. And then what? I'd probably be back in that suffocating hospital room with my mouth and nose burning from the chemicals, anyway.

>
Just more chemicals.

>
I guess that's all life is. Chemical compounds. Chemical reactions.

>
So Daisy not liking me . . . is not her fault. It's her hormones' fault. Her body's for not secreting the right amounts of hormones. Maybe she's the one with the chemical imbalance. Maybe her body was supposed to let out those hormones, but . . . she can't for some reason.

>
Or maybe it's me with the imbalance. I was the one to fall for her. Stupid me. Falling for a girl. But it wasn't just any girl; it was Daisy. Cynical. Sarcastic. Intellegent. Beautiful. Daisy. What was I really expecting? Her to open her arms to me and to start kissing me passionately? Well, . . . I was hoping.

>
Maybe hope's just more chemicals. Must be. I think everything's chemicals. Makes sense. No one can control their destiny. The chemicals do. They tell us when to love, fear, hate, anger, . . . everything. It doesn't mean that I'll completely forgive my parents. Or that I'll completely forgive myself for falling for Daisy. But I feel better already. I guess the chemicals are making me happy. Or more content. Or something. Whatever.

End
file.